Ticci-Toby

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The long road home seemed to go on and on. The road continued to outstretch in front of the vehicle endlessly.

The light that shone through the branches of the tall green trees danced across the window in random patterns, every once in a while, obnoxiously shining in your eyes.

The surrounding was full of deep green trees forming a forest around the road. The only sound was the sound of the cars engine as it traveled down the path. It was peaceful and let off a serene feeling.

Although the ride seemed like a nice one, it lacked every form of 'nice' for both passengers.

The middle-aged woman behind the steering wheel had neat short brown hair that fit her complexion quite well. She wore a green v-neck t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. Diamond stud earrings decorated each of her ears which partially shown from behind her hair cut. She had deep green eyes which were brought out by her shirt, and the lighting seemed to make them more noticeable. There wasn't much significance to her appearance. She just looked like any "average mother" that you'd see on t.v. shows and such, but one thing for sure made her differ from those "average mothers" and that was the dark bags under her eyes.

Her facial expression was gloomy and sad, although she genuinely looked like one who smiled a lot.

She would sniffle every once in a while, and occasionally glance back in the rear-view mirror to look back at her son in the back seat, who was hunched over partially, his arms held tight around his chest, and his head pressed against the cold window.

The boy lacked any normal appearance, anyone could blandly see that something was wrong with him. His messy brown hair went in every which way, and his pale, almost gray skin was brought out by luminescent lighting. His eyes where dark, unlike his mother's and he wore a white t-shirt and scrub pants that had been provided to him by the hospital. The clothes he had worn before where so shredded and blood stained, that they weren't 'wearable' anymore.

The right side of his face bared a few cuts along with his split eyebrow. His right arm was bandaged up all the way up to his shoulder, which had been shredded when his right side had hit the shattered glass.

His injuries appeared to be painful, when really he couldn't feel a thing. He never could feel a thing. That was just one of the glories about being him. One of the many challenges he had to face growing up, was growing up with the rare disease that caused him to be completely numb towards pain. Never before had he felt himself get hurt. He could have lost an arm and felt nothing. That and another major disorder he had faced, was the one that deemed him many insulting nicknames in the short time he attended grade school, before he was moved to home schooling was his Tourette syndrome, which caused him to tic and twitch in ways he couldn't control. He would crack his neck uncontrollably and twitch every once in a while. The kids would tease him and call him Ticci-Toby and mock him with exaggerated twitching and laughing. It got so bad he turned to homeschooling. It was too hard for him to be in a common learning environment with seemingly every kid poking, or more like stabbing fun at him.

Toby stared blankly out the window, his face was empty of any depict-able emotion, and every few minutes his shoulder, arm, or foot would twitch. Every bump that the car tires hit, made him stomach turn.

Toby Rogers was the boy's name. And the last time Toby remembered riding a car, was when it crashed.

Thats all he thought about. Unconsciously replaying everything he had remembered before he blacked out, over and over again. Toby had been the lucky one, when his sister hadn't been so lucky. When the thought of his older sister came, he couldn't help but let his eyes begin to tear up. The horrible memories replayed in his mind. Her screaming that had been cut off when the front of the car was smashed in. It all went blank for a moment before Toby opened his eyes to see his sister's body, her forehead pierced with glass shards, her hips and legs where crushed under the force of the steering wheel, her torso pushed in from the late inflated air bad

This was the last thing he had seen of his dear older sister.

The road home continued on for what seemed like forever. It took so long to get home due to his mother wanting to avoid passing the sight of the crash.

When the surrounding gave into a familiar neighborhood, they had both been more then ready to get out of the car and step back into their own home.

It was a older neighborhood, with quaint little houses all next to each other. The car drove in front of a little blue house, with white window panes.

They both quickly noticed the old vehicle that was parked in front of the house, and the familiar figure who stood out in the driveway. Toby felt automatic anger and frustration take over him at the sight of his father. His father who wasn't there.

His mother pulled the car up into the driveway beside him before turning off the engine and preparing to step out and face her husband.

"Why is he here?" Toby said quietly as he looked back at his mother who reached to open the car door.

"He's your father Toby, he's here because he wants to see you," His mother responded with a monotone voice, trying to sound less shaky.

"Yet he couldn't have driven up to the hospital to see Lyra before she died," Toby narrowed his eyes out the window.

"He was drunk that night honey, he couldn't drive-"see Yeah when is he not," Toby pushed open the door before his mother and stumbled out onto the driveway where he met his father's gaze before looking down at his feet with a stern expression.

His mother stepped out behind him and met her husband's eyes before walking around the car.

His father opened up his arms, expecting a hug from his wife, but she walked passed him and put her arm around Toby's shoulder and influenced him to begin walking inside.

"Connie," her husband began to say under a raspy voice, "What, no welcome home hug, huh?"

She ignored her husband's obnoxious words and walked passed him with her son under her arm. Hey, He's 16 he can walk by himself," his father began to follow them in.

"He's 17," Connie glared back at him before opening the door to the house and stepping inside.

"Toby, why don't we get you in your room to rest okay? I'll come get you when dinner is ready-""" No, I'm 16 I can walk by myself," Toby said sarcastically, and glared back at his father before stumbling up the small staircase and turning into his room where he slammed the door violently.

His little room didn't have much in it. Just a small bed, a dresser, a window, and his walls had a few framed pictures of his family, back when they where a family. Before his father became an alcoholic, and acted violently towards the rest of his family. Toby

remembered when he was arguing with his mother and he grabbed her by the hair and shoved her to the floor, and when Lyra had tried to break it up, he pushed her and she hit her back on the corner of the kitchen counter. Toby could never forgive him for what he did to his mother and sister. Never.

Toby didn't care how much his father beat him down, he couldn't feel it anyway, what he did care about was how he intentionally hurt the only two people he cared about.

And when he waiting in the hospital, where his sister took her last few breaths, the only person who didn't rush there, was his dad. Toby stood by the window and looked out onto the street. He could have sworn he saw things out of the corner of his eye, but quickly blamed it on the medication he had been put on.

When dinner time had come around and his mother called up to him, Toby came down the stairs and hesitantly sat down at the table across from his father, and in between his mother and an empty chair.

It was quiet as his parents picked at their food, but Toby refused to eat. Instead he just watched his dad with a blank stare.

His mother caught onto his stare towards his father and elbowed him slightly. Toby looked over at her slightly and look down at his uneaten food, in which he didn't touch.

Toby laid in bed, he pulled his covers over his head and stared at the window. He was tired but there was no way he would fall asleep. He couldn't, there was too much to think about. He had been debating on wether or not to follow his mother's directions and forgive his father, or continue holding a grudge with his boiling hatred.

He heard his door creak open, and his mother padded into the room and sat on the bed next to him. She reached over and rubbed his back, which had been turned to her.

"I know it's hard Toby, trust me, I understand... but I promise you it will get better" she said softly.

"When is he going to leave?" Toby said with a innocent tone in his shaky voice.

Connie let her gaze fall down to her feet. "I don't know honey, he's staying as far as I know," she replied.

Toby didn't respond. He just continued to look forward at the wall, holding his damaged arm near his chest.

After a few minutes of silence, his mother sighed, before she leaned in to kiss his cheek and stood up to walk out of the room. "Good night," she said as she closed the door.

The hours passed slowly, and Toby couldn't quit tossing and turning. Every time he let his imagination take over, he heard the screeching of tires, the screaming of his sister, and he could uncontrollably jerk in bed. He threw off his covers, laying on his back, he pulled his pillow over his face and cried into it. He could feel his chest rise and fall as he let out each shaky breath as he cried. He could hear his own pitiful weeping. He would have been screaming and crying if he didn't press his pillow over his face. After a few seconds he threw the pillow off his face as well and sat up, hunched over, holding his head and breathing roughly, tears streaming from his eyes. He couldn't help but cry. He tried to keep it in, but he couldn't help but whine and whimper as he sat there shaking. He inhaled before he stood up and walked around his bed to the window and peered out, taking deep breathes trying to calm down. He rubbed his eyes and looked out at the group of tall pine trees across the street. He stopped suddenly, and his gaze slowly centered on something standing under the street light. He heard ringing in his ears and he couldn't look away. The figure stood beside the street light, about 2 feet shorter then it, long arms draped at it's sides as it stared up at him with non-existing eyes. The figure had no features what-so-ever. No eyes, no mouth, no nose, yet it held Toby's hypnotized stare, seemingly peering into his very being. The ringing in his ears grew louder and louder each second he stared before suddenly it all went black.

The next morning Toby woke in his bed. He felt different. He wasn't tired at all, and when he consciously woke up, it felt like he had been lying there, awake for hours. He had no thoughts flowing through his mind. He sat up slowly and stumbled over to the wall, but when he stood up he automatically felt dizzy. He stumbled to the doorway and walked down the stairs. His parents were sitting at the table, his father was in-tuned with the small t.v. that sat on the countertop, and his mother reading the newspaper. She quickly looked over when she felt Toby's presence looming behind her.

"Well, good morning sleepy head, you've been sleeping forever," She greeted him with hesitated smile.

Toby slowly looked over at the clock and noticed that it was 12:30 p.m.

"I made you breakfast but it got cold, I was going to wake you, but I felt you needed sleep," her expression fell from happy to worried as her son resisted responding to her. "Are you alright?"

Toby stumbled over and sat by his father. He felt as if he was on idle, and had no control over his actions. He was seeing everything he did, but it didn't seem to register in his brain properly. He reached out to his father's arm, but his hand ended up getting slapped. His father turned to him abruptly and pushed his chair over with his foot. "Don't touch me boy!" He yelled. His mother stood up, "Alright knock that off! That is the last thing we need!"

The days went by, and things continued on as they where. Connie spent most of her time cleaning up the house, and her rude husband spent most of his time ordering her around. It was just how it used to be before the crash.

Toby never really left his room. He would sit by his bed, and tremble. His mind would wonder, but his thoughts changed to fast to be remembered. He would pace around his small room like a caged animal, or stare out the window. The unhealthy cycle continued. Connie continued to be pushed around by her husband, being way too submissive to him, and Toby remained in his room.

Before he could think twice, he would begin to chew on his hands, tearing the flesh from his fingers. He would gnaw his hands until they bled. When his mother walked in on him while he was doing so, she reacted horribly. She rushed him downstairs and grabbed the first aid, wrapping his hands in it. She demanded that he wouldn't leave her side from then.

He isolated himself so much that he grew to hate being around others. His memory grew glitchy as well. He'd start missing memory of minutes, hours, days, and so on. He would begin talking nonsense, about things completely unrelated to conversations he would have. He'd go off about seeing things, sharks in his sink as he washed the dishes, hearing crickets in his pillows, and seeing ghosts outside his bedroom window. All the nonsense landed him in a counselors office. His mother grew too anxious about his mental health, she decided it would be good for him to talk to a professional about what he was feeling.

Connie walked Toby into the building, holding his hand and guiding him in. She walked him up to the front desk and began talking to the lady who sat behind it.

"Mrs. Rogers?" The lady asked.

"Yes that's me," Connie nodded, "We're here to see doctor Oliver, I'm here with Toby Rogers." [T]

"Yes, right this way."

The lady stood up and lead them down a long hallway. Toby looked at the framed artwork down the halls and tuned in to the sound of the lady's high heels on the hardwood floor. She opened the door to a room with a table and two chairs. I'll get the doctor," She smiled and held the door open.

Toby stumbled into the room and sat down at the table. He looked over at his mother and the lady before the door slowly shut behind them. He looked around the room before he held up his tightly bandaged hands and began to bite at the bandages to unwrap his

hands, but was interrupted as the door swung open and a young woman in a black and white spotted dress and light blonde hair stepped in, holding a clipboard and a pen. [37] Toby?" she asked with a smile.

Toby looked up at her and nodded.

"Nice to meet you Toby. My name is Doctor Oliver." she put her hand out for him to shake but hesitantly pulled away when she noticed his bandaged hands. "Oh," she smiled nervously before clearing her throat and sitting in the chair across the table from him. "So I'm going to ask you a few questions, try to answer them as honestly as possible okay?" she placed her clipboard down on the table

Toby nodded slowly and held his restrained hands in his lap.

"How old are you Toby?" she asked.

"17" he responded quietly.

She wrote that down on the paper that was clipped to the clipboard.

"What is your full name?" [3]

"Toby Erin Rogers"

"What is your birthday?"

"April 28th"

Who is your immediate family?"

Toby paused for a minute before answering her question, "My Mom, My Dad, and…" he stopped, "M-my sister"

"I heard about your sister dear... I'm really sorry," her expression faded into a sad, pity-filled look.

Toby nodded.

"Do you remember anything from the crash Toby?" Toby looked away from her. His mind went blank for a moment. He looked down at his lap, and in the surrounding, he heard a faint ringing sound. His eyes widened and he froze in his place.

"Toby?" the counselor asked. "Toby are you listening?"

Toby felt a shiver go down his spine until he froze once again and slowly looked over out the little window through the door, where he saw it. A dark featureless figure, peering in at him. He stared, eyes widened, the ringing growing louder and louder until suddenly the loud voice of the counselor broke his trance.

"Toby!" She yelled.

Toby jumped and fell sideways out of his chair and back up into the corner.

Doctor Oliver stood up, holding her clipboard to her chest. A surprised look in her eyes.

Toby met her eyes again, his breath hitching as he twitched.

That night Toby laid in bed. His eyes dazed as he stared straight up at his ceiling. He could feel himself begin to doze off, when he heard the scattering of footsteps down his hallway. He sat up and looked towards the doorway, his door wide open. There was no light, everything was lit by the luminescent blue glow of the moon through his window, leaving a cold lighting. He stood up and slowly made his way towards the doorway, when suddenly the door, which was previously wide open, slammed in his face. He gasped and fell back. His was out of breathe when he hit the ground and he began breathing heavily, his eyes wide open. He waited for a few seconds before getting back up on his feet. He reached out and grasped the cold door handle with his bandaged hand and creaked it open. He looked out into the dark hallway and tiptoed out of his room. The window at the end of the hallway lit up the darkness with blue moonlight as he padded his way down. He could hear footsteps rustling around him, and faint giggling let by the pitter patter of small feet, which sounded like a child had run in front of him, giggling and running around. The hallway was a lot longer than he had remembered. It seemed endless... like the ride home from the hospital. He heard a door creak in front of him.

"Mom?" he called out in a shaky voice.

Suddenly a door slammed behind him and he jumped and turned around. Behind him he heard a long eerie groan from behind him, that sounded to croak right in his ear. He turned around as fast as he could and was suddenly face to face with none other than his dead sister. Her eyes were clouded white, her skin pale, and the right side of her jaw only dangling on by tissue and muscle, glass protruding from her forehead, and black blood leaking down her face, her blonde hair pulled up back in a ponytail as it always was, wearing her grey t-shirt and athlete's shorts which were dirty and spotted with blood. Her legs where bent in ways they shouldn't be. She stood, emitting a long croaking noise, only an inch away from Toby's face.

Toby yelped and fell back. "AH!" he started to crawl backwards away from her, not able to break the eye contact he held with her, blank, dead eyes. He dragged himself backwards until he backed up into something.

He stopped for a second. Everything was dead silent except for his heavy breathing and crying. He slowly looked up to meet the blank face of a tall dark figure that stood over him. Behind the tall dark mass where rows of children, looking to range from 3 to 10 years, their eyes completely black and dark black blood leaked from their eye sockets.

He screamed and stood up as fast as he could only to be tripped by dark black tendrils that wrapped around his ankle. He fell straight on his stomach and got the wind knocked out of his chest. He tried to scream out but he couldn't make a sound. He wheezed out, before it all went black.

Toby woke up with a start. He screamed out and sat up as fast as he could, completely short of breathe. He wheezed out and held his chest with his bandaged hands. It was just a dream... just a dream. He laid back down on his bed and rolled over on his side. It felt like a giant weight had been lifted off his chest as he took in deep breathes. He stood up and padded over to his window. He saw nothing. Nobody was out there. No ghosts. No figures. Nothing.

He heard the rustling and coughing of his father out the doorway. His door was closed.

He walked over and opened it. Looking out into the hallway once again. He padded down the hallway and into the kitchen where he found his dad standing and having a smoke in their living room.

Toby waited a second and watched him from around the corner before a burning feeling started deep in his chest.

Deep, boiling, anger took over him. He heard the little imaginary voices in his head.

"Do it, Do it, Do it," they chanted.

He turned away and held his arms. He felt like he actually had control over himself, unlike he did for the past few weeks since he got home from the hospital. He actually had complete thoughts for just moments before they were clouded by the chanting of the little voices in his head.

"Kill him, he wasn't there, he wasn't there, kill him, kill him," they continued on.

Toby trembled. No. No he wasn't going to do it. What, was he going crazy? No. He won't kill anyone. He can't. He hated his father, but there was no way he was going to kill him.

That was it. The last thought he had before he fell into an idle state once again. The influence of the voices in his head was too much. He began to silently walk up behind his father. He reached over the counter to the knife holder in the kitchen and pulled out a the largest knife that had been resting in the case. He gripped it in his hand. He felt a sensation take over his chest. He let out a

snicker. "Heh... heheh... hehehehel! HAHAHAHA!" he began laughing so hard he had to gasp for breathe. His father turned around abruptly before he felt a brute force shove him to the floor. He grunted as the air was knocked out of him. "What!" he looked up at the boy who stood over him, grasping the kitchen knife in his hand. "Toby what are you doing!" he went to sit up and put hand arms out in front of him in self defense but before he knew it Toby was on top of him. He went to grab at his neck, but his father reached out and blocked his hand by grabbing onto this wrist.

"Stop! Get off of me you little fucker!" he yelled and with his other hand he threw an off center punch towards Toby's shoulder, but he didn't stop...

The look in Toby's eyes was not sane. It looked as if a demon had taken control over him. He yelled back and went to stab the knife into his father's chest but he blocked him and grabbed onto his wrist once again. He went to shove him back, but Toby kicked out his feet in front of him and landed a hard blow straight to his face. His father recoiled and pulled his arms away to cuff his face, but Toby got back up and drove the knife straight into his shoulder. His father let out a loud cry and went to pull the knife out, but before he could, Toby threw his fist straight into his face. He began to pound his fists into his head, laughing and wheezing. He cracked his neck and grabbed the knife and ripped it out of his shoulder. He drove it deep into his dad's chest and repeatedly stabbed into his torso, blood spilling out and getting splattered everywhere. He didn't stop until his father's body went still. He threw the knife over to the side and leaned over his body, coughing and panting. He stared at his smashed in face and sat there twitching, until a loud scream broke the silence. He looked over to see his mother standing a few feet away, covering her mouth, tears streaming down her eyes.

"Toby!" she screamed, "Why did you do that!?" she cried. "W-why!" She screamed. Toby stood up and began to back away from his father's bloody corpse. He began to back out of the kitchen. He looked down at the blood soaked bandages on his hands and looked up at his mother one last time before he turned and ran out of the house. He ran into the garage and slammed his hand against the control panel on the wall and pushed the button to open the garage door.

Before he ran out his father's two hatchets that had been hanging on the tool rack above a table full of jars, filled to the brim with old rusted nails and screws. One hatchets was new, it had a bright orange handle and a shiny blade, the other was old with a wooden handle and a old dull blade. He grabbed both and looked down at the table and his eyes met a box of matches, and under the table was a red gasoline tank. He held both of the hatchets in one hand and grabbed the matches and gasoline before running out of the garage, down the driveway and up the street.

As he approached the street light that he could see out his own bedroom window he heard police sirens in to distance. He turned around and the red and blue flashing lights came rushing down the street. Toby stood for a second, before he pulled open the cap on the gasoline tank and ran down the street, spilling gasoline all over the street after him and he turned to run into the trees. He poured the last bit of gasoline out before he reached in his pocket and pulled out a match. He struck it against the box and immediately dropped it. In an instant, flames burst out around him. The fire caught onto the trees and bushes around him and before he knew it, he was surrounded by fire. The silhouettes of police cars where visible through the flames as he backed away into the forest around him. He looked around but his vision was blurred, his heart was pounding and he closed his eyes for a moment. This was it. This was the end.

Toby felt a hand on his shoulder. He opened his eyes and looked over to see a large white hand with long boney fingers that rested on his shoulder. He followed the arm that was attached to the hand up to a towering dark figure. It appeared to be wearing a dark black suit, and it's face was completely blank. It towered over Toby's small frame and it looked down on him. Tendrils reached out from it's back. Before Toby knew it, his vision blurred and he was surrounded by the sound of ringing in his ears. Everything went blank.

That was it. That was the end. That was how Toby Rogers died.

A few weeks later Connie sat in her sister's kitchen. Her sister, Lori sat next to her drinking a cup of coffee.

About three weeks ago, Connie lost her husband, and her son, and a few weeks before, she lost her daughter to a car crash. Since then she moved in with her sister. The police were keeping her busy, they had just finished cleaning up the case, and the story had been released two weeks ago, and the focus of the world seemed to have shifted to completely new stories.

Lori switched on the T.V. to a news broadcast. On the T.V. the news reporter began introducing the new headline.

"We have breaking news! Last night there has been a reported murder of 4 individuals. There are no suspects yet but the victims were a group of middle school kids who had been out in the woods late last night. The kids had been 'bludgeoned' and stabbed to death. The investigators had discovered a weapon at the crime scene which appears to be a old, dull bladed hatchet, as you can see here" The pictured changed to show snapshots of the weapon exactly as it was left on the crime scene. "Investigators had pulled the name of a possible suspect, Toby Rogers, a 17 year old boy who a few weeks ago had stabbed his father to death and tried to cover up his escape by setting a fire in the streets and the forest area around the neighborhood. Although they had believed the young boy had died in the fire, investigators suspect that Rogers may still be alive, due to the fact that his body was never found."

//EDIT: Just editing with the grammar corrections done by the amazing 2ndAdmiralSlicer, thank you so much for helping me out with this!

/Edit: I decided to take the filter off because the story really isnt that gory or anything, and some people where coming to me and telling me

that they couldn't read it because of it so I just took it off. If your concerned about it being to gory just read at your own risk although I really dont think its that big of a deal

Yep here it is folks.

Now tell me how disappointed you are because this story sucks ass

Yep

This isn't the entire story though, this is just Toby's back ground, but as you may have noticed, it doesn't describe his serial killer appearance or any thing like that, so yes there will be another story that continues on with this and sort of shows what happens to him from there on out.

I've decided to make his actual story serious like this and ya'know... theres no Richard jokes or nothin in here, because i tried to be as serious as possible so these probably will have nothing related to the whole "Richard's mansion" thing because thats more of a light comedic thing. But yeah there will be more about Toby, and it will describe more about him being a proxy and such but until then heres, "The beginning" of it.

Eniov children

Enjoy Kino's terrible literature.

EDIT: if there is any spelling or grammar mistakes, or some shit just doesn't make sense what-so-ever, please don't shoot me, Just let me know. I'll fix it.

you have to remember, I'm an idiot, sooooo... yeah dont kill me